

FORD TIMES

august 1951





This painting, by Fred Machetanz of Palmer, Alaska, shows a graphic summation of traffic on "The Great North Road," a story by Richard L. Neuberger that starts on page 51. The picture is, of course, a fantasy, but it illustrates a fact—or rather, several facts grouped into one. The bus is now rather common all along the highway. Behind it comes the horse-drawn cutter of the old Richardson Highway days of the Territory. Next is the station wagon that so many users find the most convenient for this kind of travel. And finally, the dog sled, which has always been the basic transportation of the North. Much of the way, the traveler will be in sight of those solemn, colossal peaks. ■

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Arthur T. Lougee.....**Art Director**
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Pauline Syler.....**Circulation Manager**

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My Favorite Town —

Seaside, Oregon

by Ellis Lucia

paintings by Rudolph Bundas

IF YOU stand at the Turn-Around in Seaside long enough, the natives boast, you will see everyone you ever knew. Whether or not the claim is valid in the strictest sense doesn't bother Seaside's. They are proud of their town and firmly believe in blowing their own horn.

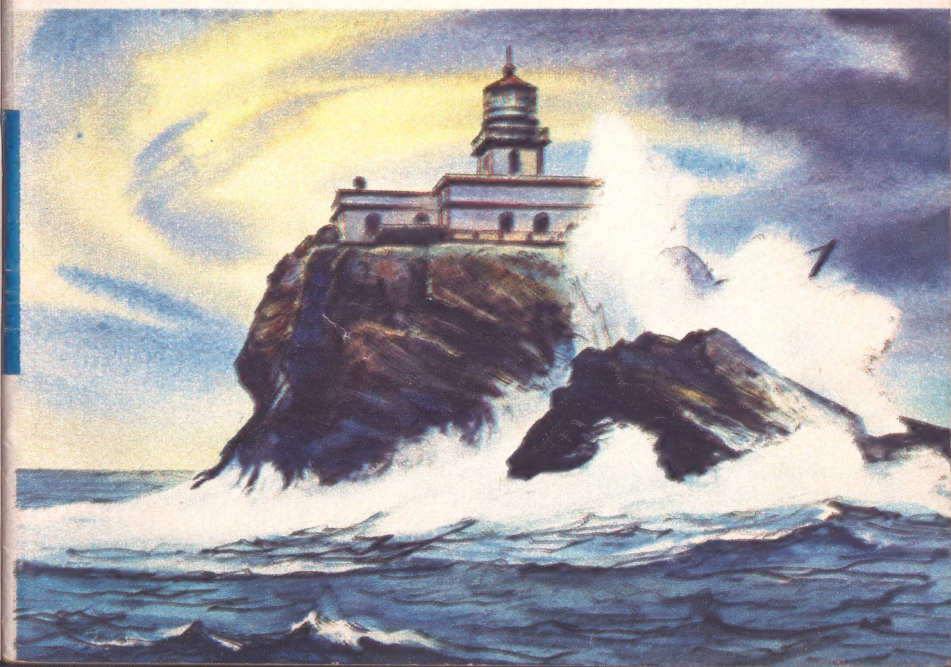
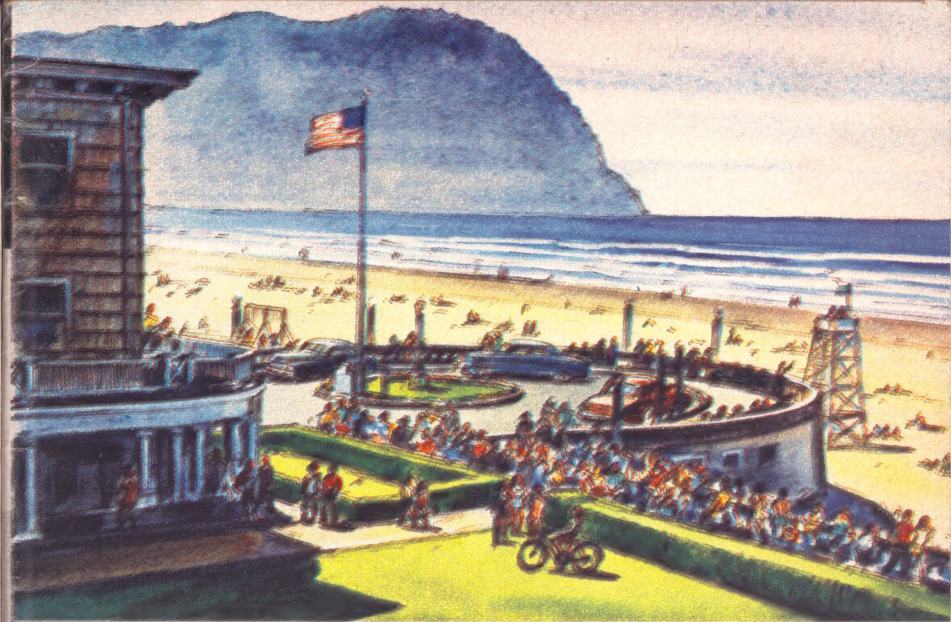
As a boy in California, I first heard of Seaside in long, detailed letters from my grandmother, written from the beach house our family has retained there for nearly half a century. They expressed a profound love for the place and reflected the peace of heart my grandparents always found there.

Years later I visited Seaside for the first time. I was immediately conscious of her charm. She reaches out to people.

Westward from Portland, Oregon, you travel over eighty miles of the Sunset Highway (Route 2), one of Oregon's newest arteries and a straight shoot to the coast through the rugged Coast Range. The highway, incidentally, is not named, as many believe, for the setting sun. Rather, it was dedicated to Oregon's famed Sunset Division heroes of the South Pacific war. You cross the northern tip of the vast Tillamook Burn wastelands, veer north through rich avenues of fir, birch and spruce, trimmed with Scotch broom in springtime. Then you pick up the quiet Necanicum River to burst upon the town at a point where golfers chase white balls across green grass and the Holladay bridge spans the stream.

Many newcomers gain a wrong impression at the outset, when they drive up gaudy Broadway, a carnival-like midway which bisects the town. Yet the restaurants, hamburger stands, bowling alleys, penny arcades and smattering of neat shops along the narrow mile-long thoroughfare are only one of Seaside's multi-personalities. You realize this when you reach the hub-like 110-foot Turn-Around jutting onto the beach

*Above right: Seaside's are very proud of their 110-foot Turn-Around.
Below right: Tillamook—one of our few remaining crew-manned beacons.*



Tillamook Head towers over the town and the Necanicum River Valley→

and gaze upon the wildly racing rows of white breakers tumbling shoreward in a never-ceasing crescendo. Neat homes face the ocean along one of the nation's longest concrete promenades. To the south staunchly stands massive Tillamook Head, thickly clothed with a mantle of virgin timber.

Seasiders built their two-mile promenade sea wall thirty years ago. Stretching north and south along the beach it replaced a boardwalk, parts of which still stand. They hoped that Seaside might become a second Atlantic City as a result of the Prom. The nearest she ever came to it was a few years ago when the annual Miss Oregon pageant, forerunner to the Miss America competition, was held here. But maybe it's better this way.

In Seaside, it's hard to elude the past, even on Broadway. A Turn-Around marker tells you this is the farthest point reached by the Lewis and Clark expedition. Within a stone's throw of our beach house off the South Prom is the very spot where the explorers drew salt from ocean water in 1806. Every year Seaside stages a colorful festival in tribute to those first Americans to walk the Clatsop Plains.

In late summer, men, women and children line the Twelfth Avenue bridge when tom cod are running. Not far away, near the Necanicum's mouth, the Clatsop Indian village, "Ne-co-tat," stood. Indian graves are still found nearby. Long before the white man's arrival, Indians were attracted to the Clatsop Plains. They feasted on razor clams, a delicacy still taken by the millions each year from Seaside's broad beaches.

The Indians held great clambakes, piling up huge mounds of shells. Early settlers paved roads with them. Dancing council fires among the driftwood must have presented a scene not too far removed from today, when families light bonfires to toast marshmallows on the beach after nightfall, and remain to retell the Indian legend of how the Clatsop Plains came to be. Old Coyote, the story goes, fought with the breakers. He threw sand at the waves and they threw it back. In the ensuing battle the plains were made. More likely they were built up by the Columbia. The great river's mouth, now some twenty miles north, may once have been where Seaside now stands.

For decades Seasiders dreamed of a seaport. Their hope lay

The angry sea has piled driftwood high on the shore of Whale Cove→



Diggers hunt for razor clams in the early morning surf at low tide→

in Whale Cove. Here in 1865 the bodies of three sailors, never identified, washed ashore. They were buried in the rocks above the tumultuous surf, overlooking the Cove, and their graves are not forgotten on Memorial Day. Some say Whale Cove once sheltered pirates preying on coastal vessels.

Time and again efforts were made to erect a breakwater or piers, but the ocean would have none of it. The rusting remains of steel-encased concrete piling can still be found where they were thrown onto the rocks by the furious sea.

All the seaport talk can be blamed on the man from whom the town indirectly acquired its name. Ben Holladay was a robust Kentuckian whose exploits in the transportation world had a profound influence in settling the Oregon Country. With money from his steamship, pony express, and overland stage lines, Holladay erected a mammoth villa between the Cove and the Necanicum River. The estate had all the trimmings—lavish furnishings, Negro servants, game rooms, stables and even a race track.

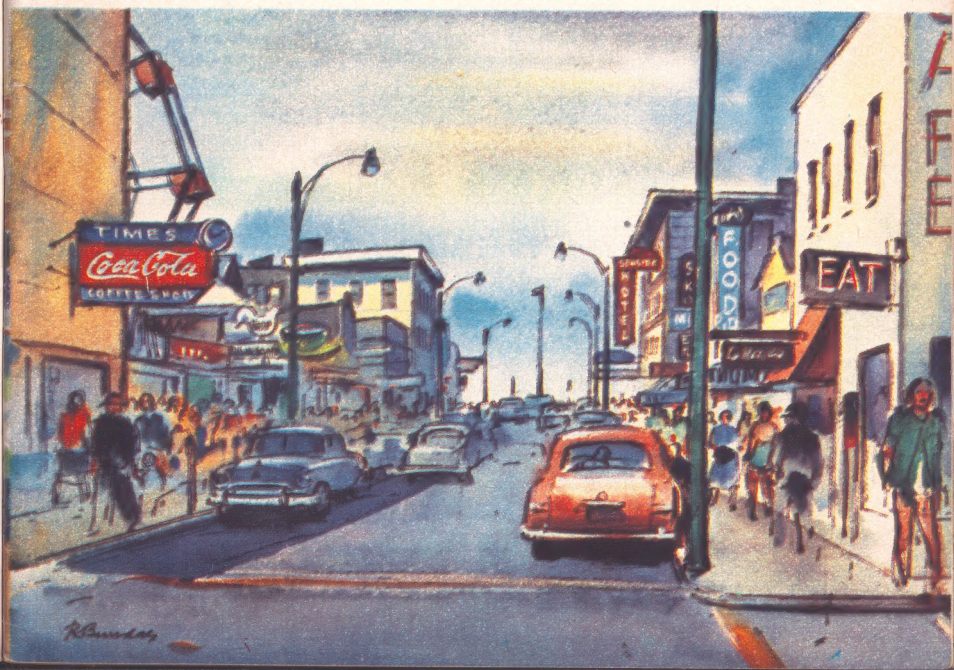
All this was not without purpose. Holladay was waging a two-front war for a federal grant to construct an Oregon-California railroad. To his exclusive estate he invited those who might be wooed to support his cause. From the East they came to San Francisco and Portland, thence by private steamers to Astoria. From there they traveled over a shell road, in flashing coaches with Negro footmen, to Holladay's Seaside House, where they could dine on as fine a cuisine as any in New York, and hunt, ride, and fish.

Holladay eventually won his railroad grant, but later lost the villa. Where Congressmen, Wall Street bankers and ship captains once hunted game, golfers now shout "Fore!"

Seaside sings different songs to different people. Maybe it's the friendly folk who make you feel at home there, like Gordon Shaw standing in the doorway of his Prom bike shop, or the Leonards who have kept the salt-water taffy stand near the Turn-Around for a quarter of a century.

Seaside may mean crowds along Broadway almost any evening or memories of the colorful Sunday excursion trains that ceased with opening of the Sunset Highway. Maybe it's a walk across the dunes to the mouth of the Necanicum or a

Gaudy, carnival-like Broadway is only one facet of Seaside's personality→



drive out to the Cove to watch the sun go down, or the tinkle of buckets before sunup when you join the never-ceasing quest for the razors on the sandbars at low tide.

Looking at the Head, you think of the fog-damp trail, marked with deer and elk tracks, winding up through the timber. From the top, you can look fifty miles to sea and take in the entire sweep of the Clatsop Plains. In 1907 when the American fleet went around the world, Portlanders rushed to their favorite beach town. Many climbed the Head for a better view, perhaps as a band of Indians did in 1792 when Captain Robert Gray pointed the prow of *The Columbia* into the long-sought "River of the West."

You can play hide-and-seek with the Tillamook lighthouse. Go north of the Turn-Around a short distance and it comes from behind the Head. This plucky beacon, built in 1881, is one of the few remaining crew-manned lighthouses on either coast. Periodically there are threats to replace it but public sentiment keeps it alive. Seas about the rock are perilous; crews and supplies are landed in a basket by a boom cable.

When summer fades, the town breathes a sigh of relief and regret. Cabin owners try out each other's houses. Except for a few die-hards, amusement owners board up their concessions and leave. Seasiders hole up beside their fireplaces, burning driftwood gathered through the summer.

In the fury of a winter storm, the Pacific runs wild, hurling its might against the seawall, sometimes heaving huge drift logs into the yards of homes that face a bleak and empty Prom. Waves gush about the Turn-Around and the foamy water rushes down Broadway. Then again, all is quiet and cold, and a sudden snowstorm whitens the huckleberry for Christmas.

Yet you have not quite lived without spending a quiet summer evening on the Prom watching the sun plunge into the darkening Pacific, its golden fingers reaching towards the timbered hills. The sea hums a soft tune. Strands of lights come along the Prom as fires take hold in the driftwood. A clammer's lamp twinkles far out at the edge of the surf. The Tillamook and North Head lights flash their beacon warnings to ships. Occasionally above the surf's cannonade you hear voices.

As you turn around, a full moon is rising over Saddle Mountain where Indians once sent up smoke signals and forestry men now keep their vigil. On such a night you can almost believe an Indian brave is signaling to a powwow on the beach, where the story of Old Coyote is being told once more. ■



Historic Yankee Boat - a one-picture story

story and photograph by Francis E. Robinson

BACK in the nineteenth century, they used to build a boat called a gundelow on the rivers that empty into Portsmouth Harbor in New Hampshire. The boat got its name through a Yankee mispronunciation of gondola, although the two craft aren't related.

When New Hampshire's rivers were the principal traffic arteries, gundelows were common. They took merchandise up the rivers and brought bricks and lumber back to Portsmouth. They were powered by wind, tides, and long oars.

Cap'n Edward Adams of Durham, New Hampshire, is the last of the gundelow men. His boat was retired early in the 1900's. Twenty years ago, he and his son decided to build another at their leisure. On Cap'n Edwards' ninetieth birthday, the boat was launched, amidst a surge of old memories. It relies not on winds or tides, but a Model A motor. ■

Mountain with the Ford on Top

by Edmund Ware Smith

photographs by Arthur Griffin

IN FRONT of the Glen House, a clapboard and comradely mountain hotel on State Highway 16 eight miles south of Gorham, in New Hampshire's White Mountains, eight Ford station wagons are neatly arrayed. They are '47's and '48's. Their speedometers read from 25,000 to 50,000 miles. As a group, these station wagons do not appear particularly distinguished, yet they are, because for every sixteen miles they have traveled, one mile is up.

This fleet, operated by trained drivers of the Glen and Mt. Washington Stage Co., is used almost exclusively for carrying passengers up the Mt. Washington carriage road, a climb of approximately one mile in the eight speedometer miles from the start to the mountain summit. The altitude difference from the Glen House to the top of Mt. Washington is 4,600 feet. Thus, disregarding fractions, you could calculate that the station wagon with 50,000 miles on its speedometer has in its career risen vertically a dizzying matter of 16,500,000 feet and descended safely.

The Glen and Mt. Washington Stage Co. has been using Fords since 1937. The cars are standard throughout except for two added blades on the fans to insure against overheating on the eight-mile grind.

The Glen House itself is a New England institution with national overtones. In winter it is a ski center rivaling its near neighbor, Joe Dodge's, and the Appalachian Mountain Club's Pinkham Notch Camp at the foot of the Tuckerman Ravine ski trails. In summer it is a haven for mountain climbers, afoot or on wheels, and the view from its spacious, glassed-in porches is a White Mountain byword.

The carriage road, as it was first called, was officially opened in 1861, when, on August 8, the first regular passenger vehicle, a Concord stage coach drawn by eight horses, made the total grade. For years thereafter a fleet of mountain wagons drawn by four or six horses was in daily summer service.

*Above right: The old stage office—at one time a U.S. weather station.
Below right: The five-mile mark on the Mt. Washington carriage road.*



Packers for Appalachian Mountain Club camps carry 200-pound loads→

The first automobile ascent was made August 31, 1899, by F. O. Stanley driving a Stanley steam car. Time, two hours 10 minutes. On August 25, 1940, the speed record, still standing, was established by Lemuel R. Ladd who won the sixth annual "Climb to the Clouds" in 12 minutes 17½ seconds. He drove a Ford V-8 Special.

But the Mt. Washington Summit Road, as it is known today, is not a race track or a stunt road. It is a safe, spectacular, well-cared-for, hard gravel road to the top of New England's watch tower, 6288 feet above sea level.

In any dependable car, if you are a reasonably good driver, you can make the trip behind your own wheel. The road affords plenty of room for passing. There is ample parking space at the summit, with meals and accommodations at the Summit House, which is easily New England's highest hotel—only two stories, but over a mile in altitude.

If you time your trip nicely, you may see at the summit the arrival or departure of one of the locomotives and rolling stock of the Mt. Washington Cog Railway, a mountain climbing device which is amusing, bizarre and pleasant, if not unique in the annals of steam locomotion. The steep incline has a cog running in the center between the rails, a safety measure. The rear end of the locomotive is much higher than the head end, so as to give the boiler some sense of riding level on such steep grades as the trestle at Jacob's Ladder. The train leaves from Base Station, which you reach by car from Bretton Woods, on the other side of the mountain on U.S. 302.

From the Glen House, via the summit auto road, you drive down across a brief meadow into deep spruce woods. For four miles you climb through forest with only an occasional glimpse of the mountains. Then you come out above timberline at the Halfway House. The abrupt opening-up adds astonishment to a view already tremendous.

For a time above the Halfway House you are traveling north. Ahead is the lower end of the Great Gulf, the West Branch of the Peabody River lost in its winding depths. Beyond are the giant rocky cones of Mt. Madison and Mt. Adams, while to the right on the shoulder of Madison, the ragged crowns of Osgood Ridge reach upward.

Near Five-Mile Spring you are looping south again on

Looking down into Tuckerman Ravine, from the Mt. Washington road→



The other way to the summit is via the Mt. Washington Cog Railway→

Chandler Ridge. Here the Great Gulf really opens up below you, deep and mysterious on your right—a vast bowl of forest scooped from surrounding crags and summits.

You learn the names of some of the road's loops and turns: The Horn, for Cape Horn; the Cragway, above Five-Mile Spring, where you look *up* at Nelson Crag; and Cow Pasture Turn (no cows) at about six-and-a-half miles.

Eight miles, and you park on the summit of a historic and mighty mountain, the highest in the entire East, north of the Carolinas. It is savage and superb. Its record is both grim and gracious, its beauty celebrated, its weather renowned for good and notorious for evil—a Jekyll and Hyde of high places.

One day in still, bright sun, content in shirt sleeves, you can see the Atlantic Ocean at Portland Harbor, ninety miles away. On another day—it was April 12, 1934—Arthur Griffin, who took the color photos reproduced on these pages, was storm-bound in the old stage office, which at the time was loaned for use as a Government Weather Observatory. In this summit building, with its chained-down roof, Art Griffin and the late Sal Pagliucca, U. S. weather observer, hung a plumb line against the wall with a ten-pound weight attached. Measured by the plumb line, the wall showed a leeward lean of two inches in the gale, and it was about then that the world's all-time record for free-wind velocity was recorded—231 miles per hour! The record was witnessed by Wendell Stevenson, George Leslie, and Alexander McKenzie.

So pick a bright day in July, August or early September for your summit drive. Look from the top of Mt. Washington over a sea of peaks, forests and farms, and see the ghosts of cloud below you, and the smokes and steeples of little towns. Look into Vermont's Green Mountains, and on a very clear day even farther to the Adirondacks of New York. It is something to see and remember.

The summit road drive has been called the top experience in New England touring. It has been more cautiously described by the late P. T. Barnum, who was no stickler for understatement, but who once stood on the summit of Washington and was so awed that he experienced a brief moment of humility, and in this condition was moved to say: "It's the second greatest show on earth!" ■

The boiler is tilted to keep it more nearly level when climbing grades→





CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

Model A Becomes Stern-Wheeler

by Burgess H. Scott

DR. P. A. Mattison of Winona, Minnesota, read in the February, 1949, issue of the **FORD TIMES** an account of a stern-wheel river boat, powered with a Model A engine, built by Don Brown, an artist of Shreveport, Louisiana. The doctor was so fetched with the languid cruising afforded by this type of craft that he determined to build himself one some day.

Last year Dr. Mattison had the good luck to meet Brown in Winona. The artist provided drawings of his boat, *Victory*, as a guide for the doctor who soon began

work on his version. Above is shown the result of his labors, the *Blackhawk*, under way on the upper Mississippi.

Dr. Mattison found a man who had built four paddlewheel boats in the old river days, and together they laid the *Blackhawk's* four keels on January 10, 1950. Six months later, on July 10, she was launched.

They built up her hull out of 11-gauge sheet steel, well braced fore, aft, and 'thwartships with angle irons and steel bars set on edge. The cabin was built of one-

quarter-inch marine plywood over split 2 x 6 studding. At the stern end of the cabin is the engine compartment with a Model A engine for a power plant. "The little engine performs so quietly back in her own little room," wrote Dr. Mattison, "that we hardly know she's there."

The center part of the cabin has 6 feet, 6 inches headroom. The forward portion serves as the pilot house and has headroom of 6 feet, 3 inches. The floor of the pilot house is higher than the floor in the rest of the cabin, and this stepped-up construction is utilized by having two steel cots that roll under the forward floor.

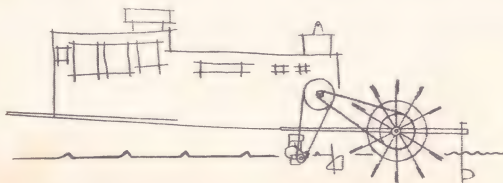
The *Blackhawk* handles well and turns on a dime going ahead or in reverse because of four rudders installed in pairs forward and aft of the paddlewheel. The doctor reports that she is very quiet with none of the rumble or "boom" often found in steel hulls. A 25-gallon water tank on the roof provides running water in the galley, and cooking is done on an alcohol stove. The *Blackhawk* is 42 feet in length overall, has a 12-foot beam, and weighs 10,500 pounds.

The Model A drives the paddlewheel through a combination V-

belt and chain drive. The engine is equipped with a marine reverse gear, but drives its eight-groove, six-inch V-belt pulley directly. The belts turn a second pulley 31 inches in diameter. The latter pulley is mounted on a jack shaft extending across the boat and carrying 14-tooth sprockets at each end. These sprockets run a No. 80 roller chain over 80-tooth sprockets on the paddlewheel shaft.

This arrangement provides a reduction of about 30:1, meaning that the engine turns thirty times to revolve the paddlewheel once. Thus, at his cruising speed of 1500 rpm, the doctor gets 50 rpm from his wheel. The paddlewheel, incidentally, is 6½ feet in diameter and 6 feet across. The wheel has twelve 10-inch blades that bury themselves nine inches in the water.

With the Model A loafing along at 1500 rpm, Dr. Mattison gets 6½ mph upstream and 9 mph downstream. The *Blackhawk* is flat bottomed and scow-nosed, and draws only eleven inches of water. This enables her to run directly onto sandbars or nose into a higher bank instead of anchoring offshore as is necessary with V-bottom cruiser-type craft. ■





LANCASTER, OHIO

story and paintings

by Frances Lake McKenna

“ONE beautiful spring morning in 1800, Ebenezer Zane stood atop Mount Pleasant and visualized a town in the green prairie below, with its sloping hillsides heavily wooded with great sycamores, willows, cottonwoods, and the Hockhocking River twining throughout . . .”

That’s the story of how Lancaster, Ohio, was born. There was only Ebenezer, the founder, then, and now there are more than twenty-four thousand of us. Last year we cut a cake with a hundred and fifty candles, had a big party, remembered the old days, and took a look in the mirror and decided we were beautiful.

If you happened to see a movie called “Green Grass of Wyoming” a few years back you’d agree about the beauty. Twentieth Century-Fox filmed part of it in Lancaster and a couple of times Charles Coburn said he was “taking his horses to race at Lancaster, Ohio.” Our history and our legends are set against a background of wooded hills, lush farmlands, and the grandeur of many caves and waterfalls.

The history, of course, has Indians in it. When I was a girl and would spend a Sunday afternoon on Mount Pleasant, our five-hundred-foot hill, I could find arrow heads and bits of pottery. It wasn’t hard to imagine Chief Tarhe of the Wyandots planning a massacre under the huge overhanging ledge of the Summer Kitchen. The Indians captured Forest Rose, a beautiful white girl in her teens, after scalping her parents and burning their home. Months later, her sweetheart, Albert Maywood, found her. I used to love to think about it when I was young.

Zane’s Trace was Lancaster’s first highway, and taverns used to dot the way, giving sanctuary to mule train drivers,

*Above left: Lancaster’s typically American Main Street—wide and handsome.
Below left: Mount Pleasant overlooks the race track at the fair grounds.*



←*The Lancaster house where William Tecumseh Sherman was born.*

pack peddlers, Conestoga wagon coachmen, trail blazers, and some of the big men of history. One of the hostelrys was the Union Inn, now the Kirn Hotel, on Main Street. Its records reveal that among those who warmed themselves by its great log fireplace were Henry Clay; Louis Philippe, exiled king of France; and Santa Anna, president of Mexico, en route to convince Andrew Jackson, our President, that Texas should be made a part of the U. S. or recognized as independent. Santa Anna affected the daily lives of Americans more than "Old Hickory" himself. He brought chicle to chew, and his American secretary, James Adams, flavored it—thus starting the chewing gum industry.

One of our native sons was William Tecumseh Sherman. Another was Richard Fenton Outcault. Dick Outcault was the father of the colored comic strip, and for many years his "Buster Brown" and "The Yellow Kid" were a thrill to millions of newspaper readers.

Lancaster contributed Hank Gowdy to the major leagues. In 1922 he and Casey Stengel, now manager of the Yankees, were playing with the Giants in the World Series. Stengel was wearing a sponge in his shoe to protect a heel bruise, and rounding second one game, he thought he lost the shoe which had become loose. But he never stopped to look—just kept running until he slid home.

"I was lucky to score," he panted to Gowdy. "I lost a shoe."

Hank looked at Casey's feet, saw he had two shoes on, and asked, "How many did you start with?"

If you came for the party last year, you saw some of the finest state parks in a state noted for its parks. Out on State Highway 374 we have the huge Rock House, in the side of a cliff, where the trails lead through entrancing natural gardens, and vaulted chambers give the effect of cathedrals. Old Man's Cave is on the same route—part of 1,396 acres of beautiful waterfalls, patriarchal trees and tunnel stairways leading to various cavern levels. (FORD TIMES, May, 1951, page 36.)

Within a radius of a few miles there are seventeen covered bridges, and Fairfield County has forty-five still in use. Even in New England no county can equal that.

We also have the home of the Anchor Hocking Glass

←*The sides of the bridge were lifted because of modern traffic.*

Company, one of the world's leaders in making glassware for tables and the kitchen.

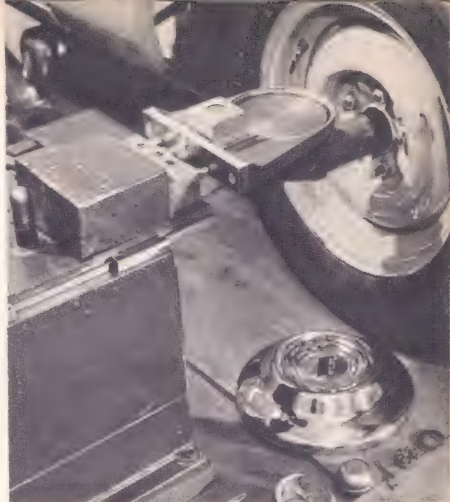
For the "Sesqui," the Lancaster *Eagle-Gazette* published a four-hundred-page edition, one of the largest ever published in the world.

During the birthday party we were "The City of Bearded Men" for a while. A sesquicentennial edict ordered all the men of the town to grow beards for launching week. One of those who wandered into town with a naked chin was Governor Frank J. Lausche. We caught him and tried him in the "Sesqui Kangaroo Court," and he was sentenced to the stocks, which were erected at a downtown intersection.

Maybe you can come down this year. The fall colors will probably be beautiful; they always are. The Lancaster County Fair is being held for the 101st time in October, and the horse-racing (which got into that movie) is wonderful. Just spot Columbus on the road map and then drive southeast on U. S. 33 about thirty miles. You'll be very welcome. ■

At the "Sesqui" celebration, a naked chin was punishable.





Gunning for Squeaks and Rattles

FOR a long time rattles and squeaks developed by a car on a rough road could be heard but not seen, simply because it was impossible to get underneath to see what went on. But now Ford Division's Quality Control Department has developed a machine that enables technicians to stand under, sit in, and walk around a car to watch its reactions as it "goes" over an exceedingly bumpy road at speeds of from seven to 42 mph.

This device, called a rough road roadability testing unit, consists of a pit thirty feet long, three feet wide, and six feet deep. The car to be tested is driven over the pit until each wheel fits between two steel rollers. Each of the four sets of rollers has one smooth unit

driven by a five-horsepower electric motor, and one roller with a two-inch hump to provide the necessary bumping.

The roller units may be operated independently or in any combination of the four to simulate practically any rough road condition. Any defect showing up after a lengthy test is reported to the manufacturing department concerned and corrections are immediately made. The photo, upper left, shows a car under test on the unit.

The photo at upper right shows one of the other functions of the testing unit: checking toe-in, caster, and camber of a front wheel with a bubble gauge. All of this equipment was designed by Ford Division Quality Control personnel.



The Tides of Fundy

photographs by Robert Holland

IN New Brunswick this summer thousands of travelers will satisfy a yearning that has tugged at their imaginations ever since they sat starry-eyed over a sixth grade geography: they will see the highest tides of the world, in the Bay of Fundy.

The tides, of course, have been there a long time; they were performing their two-a-day long before the first visitor to these parts, one John Cabot, arrived in 1497. But last summer Canada officially opened its new Fundy National Park, and this adds up to a tourist's package deal that should be almost irresistible. The park is about sixty-four miles south of Moncton, on Provincial Highway 14. Its eighty square miles of wooded hills and rocky shores offer a variety of recreation: trout streams, bridle paths, hiking trails, tennis courts, bowling greens, a nine-hole golf course and a heated salt water swimming pool.

Fundy's famous tides are caused by its peculiar funnel shape. As the normal ocean tide sweeps in, the water is lifted by the bay floor, which slopes upward an average of four feet per mile, and squeezed by the narrowing shores. In some places the water rises as high as sixty feet.

Both of the photographs opposite are tributes to the tides. The contraption in the upper picture is a fish trap about thirty feet high, set up on the shore of the park not as a tourist curiosity but to catch fish. When the tide surges in it brings many small varieties, mostly herring. Hours later it rushes out just as fast, leaving a lot of hapless fish in the net. As the water lowers, the catch is funneled into the basket-shaped head of the trap, and at low tide trucks can drive to the open end for loading.

The lower photograph shows an earlier accomplishment of the tides. At Hopewell Cape, near the new park, their terrific force has eroded the soft sandstone into odd shapes, like the "Flower Pots" in the foreground. ■

THE PRICKLEY PEAR DIGGINGS



The Fisk or Northern Overland Expedition camped on the future site of Montana City just east of the highway in Sept., 1862. The outfit, consisting of 125 emigrants, had left St. Paul June 16, 1862 under the leadership of Capt. James L. Fisk for the purpose of opening a wagon route to connect at Ft. Benton with the eastern terminal of the Mullan Road from Walla Walla.

They found "Gold Tom," one of Montana's first prospectors, holed up in a teepee near here scratching gravel along Prickley Pear Creek in a search for the rainbow's end. The few colors he was panning out wouldn't have made much of a dent in the National debt but about half of the Fisk outfit got the gold fever and decided to winter here.

Montana City swaggered into existence in Sept. 1864 but it is only a memory now.



History Was Never Like This!

by Mary Richards

photographs by Ernst Peterson

You are coming into the heart of the West where you will cut a lot of mighty interesting old time trails. Just turn your fancy loose to range the coulees, gulches, prairies, and mountains, and if your imagination isn't hobbled you can people them with picturesque phantoms of the past . . .

SO READ the rustic signs that mark the entrance to Montana on every trunk road. They are just a few of the hundred-odd historical markers, with varying legends, which the Montana Highway Commission has placed at appropriate locations throughout the state, designed so that he who runs may read. The signs are large and legible, and the Commission has thoughtfully set them on graveled side loops so that you can park off the highway and read in comfort and safety, without even getting out of your car.

These qualities alone would set the Montana signs a good cut above the welter of obscure historical markers that rust away unread on many of our highways. But there's an extra dividend: they are so amusingly worded that if you stop to read one you will stop to chuckle over all the others

you encounter, and maybe even go out of your way to catch a few more.

The texts were written several years ago by Bob Fletcher, that expert unhobblor of imaginations who also wrote the chorus lyrics to the song, "Don't Fence Me In," and more recently, the short and scintillating annals of the gold-boom town, Virginia City, Montana (FORD TIMES, August, 1950). Sometimes two or even three cars are lined up one behind the other, as motorists wait their turn to read one of Fletcher's descriptions.

Some of the legends are concerned with the goings-on of the Indians "before the whites and barbed wire moved in." The marker at Bad Rock Canyon on U.S. 2 about eighteen miles northeast of Kalispell, for instance, describes one tribe's raid on the horses of another, and adds:



... this foray put the home folks on the prod. They lined out on the trail of those vanishing redskins, both parties being totally uninformed regarding the good neighbor idea. The departing braves anticipated some such caper so, cunning and agile as pine squirrels, they took to a projecting rib on the canyon wall and laid for the irate oncomers. It developed into quite a disturbance. Many a warrior joined his fathers in the Sand Hills that day. Naturally the lugubrious relatives thereafter referred to that ill-omened citadel as Bad Rock.

You'll chuckle over the marker describing the misfortunes of John Colter, discoverer of the area which is now Yellowstone Park. In 1808 he was captured by the Blackfeet Indians near Three Forks. They stripped him, gave him a head start, and then chased

him across the flat which was covered with prickly pear. "Colter undoubtedly made an all time record that day for sprints as well as for distance events . . ."

Near Miles City a marker concerned with more recent history catches the racy lingo of cowboys:

When a top rider from this part of the country is forking the hurricane deck of a sun-fishing fuzzi-tail, some of his pals are prone to sit on the top rail of the corral, emitting advice and hollering, "Powder River! Let'er buck!" by way of encouragement. The 91st Division adopted that war cry during the World War and spread it far and wide. Well, this is the famous Powder River that enthusiasts allege is "a mile wide, an inch deep, and runs up hill."

The Lewis and Clark expeditions of 1804-1806 may have been dull stuff in your grammar school history books but they become an exciting adventure story as, traveling eastward along U. S. 10, you follow Clark's journey down the Yellowstone River. At Pompeys Pillar, near Billings, you read that "Captain Clark's party camped a few miles downstream, but the buffalo made so much noise they had difficulty sleeping."

Farther east, at Glendive, you learn that "a yachting party consisting of Capt. Wm. Clark, six of his men, Sacajawea and her papoose, floated by here Aug. 1, 1806, navigating a craft made by lashing together two hollowed out cottonwood logs. It was Clark's birthday. They had to land that afternoon to let a herd of buffalo swim the river ahead of them."

There are stories of gold panning and of ghost towns, like Montana City which "swaggered into existence in September, 1864, but is only a memory now." Half across the state, near Custer, is the site of Junction. "There isn't anything left of Junction except a few unkept graves along the

hillside," reports Montana's rib-tickling historian, "but she was lurid in her day. Calamity Jane sojourned there a while and helped whoop things up . . ."

You'll wince at the tribulations of the Oregon Trail pioneers when you read, near Dillon, that ". . . outside of Injuns, prairie fires, cholera, famine, cyclones, cloud bursts, quick sand, snow slides and blizzards they had a tolerably blithe and gay trip."

You'll learn to identify some of the famous brands that decorate millions of Montana dogies—the Turkey Track, Hash Knife, and Lazy H Hanging 2 among them. They're illustrated on markers near Hathaway and Malta that explain for the benefit of dudes: "A dogie is a little calf who has lost its mammy and whose daddy has run off with another cow . . ."

The sign on U.S. 10 at the eastern state line reads: "From this end of Montana to the west end is just about the same distance as from New York to Chicago. You have to push a lot of ground behind you to get places in this state."

So you do, and there's fascinating history in every mile of it. ■



BIG COPPER PIT

by Henry Phillips

paintings by Arnold Mesches

LAST YEAR nearly 150,000 tourists drove the six miles up a narrow, twisting road to the hill in Utah where Sanford and Thomas Bingham, a couple of Mormon lads, used to graze a herd of scraggly cattle back in 1848.

The Bingham brothers wouldn't recognize their old hill today. In fact, the hill isn't even there anymore. In its place is a gaping chasm, one of the biggest man-made holes in the world. The hole is the fabulous open pit mine of the Kennecott Copper Corporation. As a scenic attraction it rivals what Nature herself has to offer.

The time to go to Bingham Canyon is around the middle of the afternoon, when the day's work of drilling, shoveling, and laying track and equipment is completed in preparation for the blasting. Each day the men "spring the pit" with 200,000 pounds of explosives. In the distance the visitor sees the flash, the clouds of smoke, and the falling rock, and seconds later he hears the dull roar, which even shakes crockery in the town of Bingham Canyon.

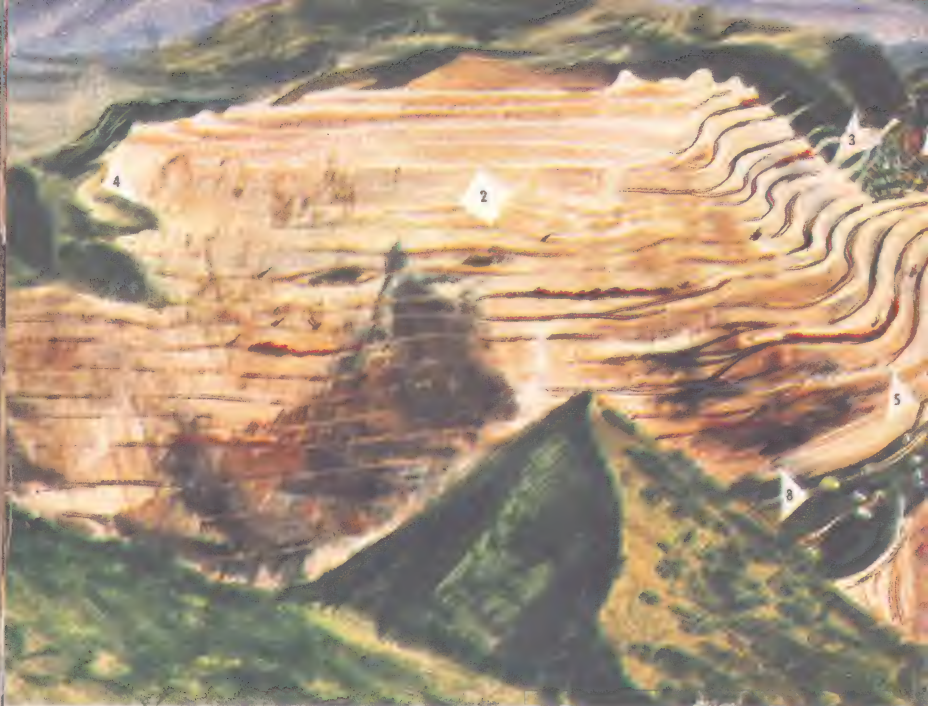
Then the huge shovels go to work to remove the daily quota of 170,000 tons of loosened rock and load it into the 100-ton cars. Track is laid to carry the ore trains nearer the next day's blast, and more copper is on its way to the smelters.

A third of the nation's copper comes out of the open pit at Bingham Canyon. Although the ore is considered low grade, with only twenty pounds of recoverable copper for every ton of ore, the grand scale of operation is such that since mining was started there in 1898, the total value of the metals, including minute amounts of gold, silver and molybdenum, has reached two billion dollars.

Bingham Canyon, which is southwest of Salt Lake City and within easy driving reach of it, is a great mining center because Col. Patrick E. Connor, Army commander of Utah Territory

Above left: The Bingham "Mercantile" and tunnel leading to pit.

Below left: A view of world's biggest open-pit copper mine.



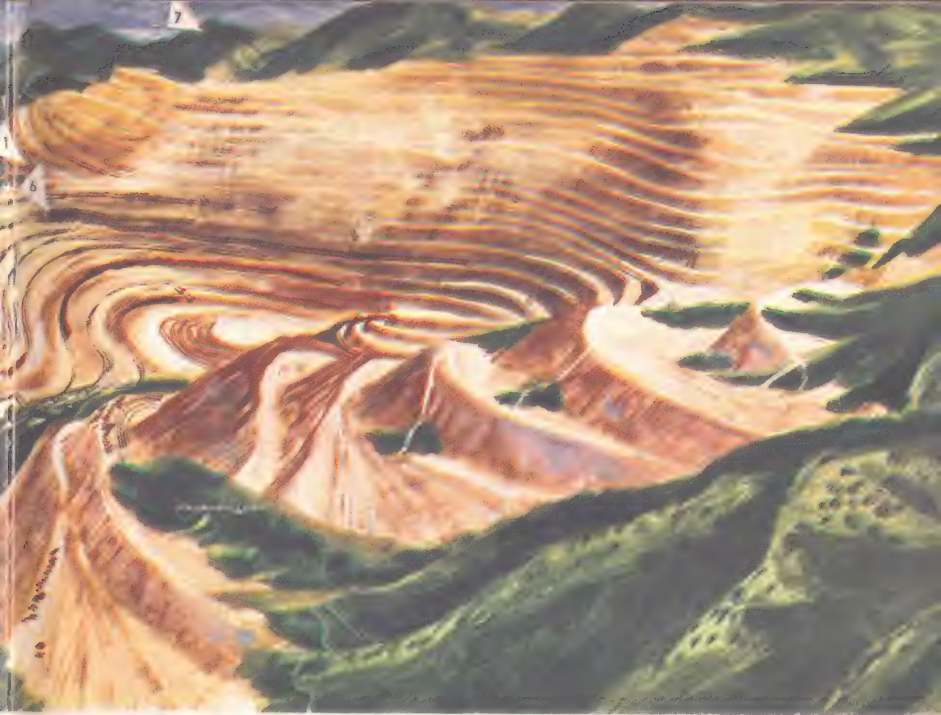
1. Town of Copperfield. 2. Bingham-Copperfield vehicle tunnel.
 3. Visitor center. 4. Ore haulage tunnel. 5. Ore haulage tunnel. 6. Visitor center.
 7. Bingham Canyon. 8. Bingham Canyon.

in 1863, didn't like Mormons. Because Brigham Young had advised his followers to raise cattle, till the soil, and not hunt gold, Colonel Connor issued a letter on War Department stationery saying that Utah's mineral wealth was great and guaranteeing Army protection to all comers. And they came.

From the time that letter was published the history of Bingham Canyon was like that of all Western bonanza towns: rich strikes of gold and silver, shooting sprees, justice bought and sold in job lots—and then the petering out of the veins.

Here the history of Bingham Canyon begins to differ from that of other mining camps. It was learned that with open pit mining there was profit in ore that could never be profitably mined underground. Copper reserves that had been ignored during the rush for gold now became important.

Besides the excitement of the mining operation itself, there



3. Opening of tunnel through mountain. 4. Town of Bingham Canyon's observation point. 7. Utah Lake. 8. Administration buildings.

is the character of the town of Bingham Canyon. Houses, stores and apartment buildings line Main Street solidly, shoving their shoulders against one another, their upper stories built out over the sidewalks. Italian, Mexican and Irish workers mingle on the streets. A Greek miner with a mustache stops to chat with a square-jawed Navajo track worker and a "Cousin Jack" from Cornwall. The colors of their clothes are those of the rock or earth on which they've worked. Miners' hats shade their faces, and empty canvas water bags are slung over their shoulders.

The town has its elements of quaintness, but the final impression is of the magnificence of the great pit. A backward glance as one leaves shows the upper lip thrusting itself far above the rooftops and chimneys, reminding the visitor of the breadth, depth, and magnificence of the chasm. ■

The Fish that Lays Eggs on Land

by Anne Allen

photographs by Joseph Rustan

ONE exclusive that Southern Californians haven't publicized is the tiny, tasty grunion, the little silver fish that twice monthly in summer flips itself ashore to spawn—and may shortly thereafter be flipped into a frying pan and so into the mouth of the hungry hunter who has shivered for hours awaiting the nocturnal dance of this wonder fish.

To those who regularly seek grunion on the 350 miles of south-land beaches from Point Conception to Baja California, the fish is an elusive but succulent morsel. State Fish and Game authorities report that grunion hunting lures almost three quarters of a million people in hope of a beach-fire banquet. The four-to-six-inch fish

run in for their stint of egg-laying in June, July and August.

To help the fishermen, the State Bureau of Fish and Game issues schedules which forecast the days of grunion runs. But even the experts can't tell when, where, or if the grunion will appear.

Anyone, however, can figure his own schedule if he determines the four nights with highest tides in each two-week period, then waits for the grunion to run, after the peak tide of the evening.

At the full and dark of the moon the grunion gather off some relatively calm-water beach until the turn of the tide. Then thousands of them plunge ashore, covering the sand three and four deep. No one knows which beach the grun-

Above right: Hunters scramble by torchlight as the fish flip ashore.

Below right: Bare hands are the only legal tackle in taking grunion.



ion will choose. Raoul Gripenwaldt of Santa Monica reports that he has hunted grunion for ten years, yet has seen them only three times.

But Dr. Frances N. Clark, of California Fisheries Laboratory on Terminal Island, says it's all in knowing where to go. Dr. Clark is one of the world's few grunion experts. She has watched them run many times in her twenty-seven years of study, and reports that in a single run she has seen an estimated million fish come up on the beach to spawn. Some enthusiasts liken the spectacle to a shimmering sea ballet because the female literally dances on her tail on the glistening damp sands.

Dr. Clark, who has recorded runs from Ventura County to Mexico, says certain beaches with easy access and a minimum of disturbing influences are best bets for catching grunion. One favorite spot is Belmont Shore near Long Beach; another is the beach near La Jolla. State fish wardens report that man-made Cabrillo Beach near San Pedro is host to record-size runs year after year.

Often grunion are confused with smelt, both having a translucent blue stripe along their bodies. But grunion are members of the silver-sides family, or *Leuresthes tenuis*. There is one infallible way of judging them: only grunion come up on the beach to spawn.

It was scientist W. F. Thompson who discovered, circa 1920, that the grunion come up on the beach

to lay their eggs in the sand. The female flips her tail around, burying herself up to her head. Then the male arches himself around her to fertilize the eggs. After the mating, the male flops away to the ocean, and Mrs. Grunion remains behind to ride the next wave out. The whole process takes only the interval between waves—twelve to thirty seconds.

It is during this half-minute period that the eager grunioneer, if he has a three-dollar fishing license, can take as many grunion as he can catch with his bare hands. Although the fish are wet and full of wiggle, chances are good that the excited hunter will get all he can eat. No artificial means are allowed—no nets, scoops, sieves or strainers. Torches and flashlights are permitted, however.

By instinct the grunion deposits its eggs at the upper limit of the tidal zone. There they will be undisturbed by waves till the next high tide two weeks later. When the movement of the surf agitates the sand the eggs hatch and the liberated baby grunion wash back to their habitat, the sea.

The nearest events to grunion hunting in other parts of the country are the smelt runs in the Great Lakes region and other sections, and candlefish runs in the Pacific Northwest. But the grunioneer seems to have a peculiarly gala spirit, wearing his "uniform" of jacket, rolled and salt-encrusted dungarees, carrying flashlight or torch, and with a general noc-

turnal-beach-picnic outlook.

Grunion haven't always been so plentiful. Although they have never been fished commercially, there was a time when hordes of hunters would go after them with sink strainers, window screens, car blankets, buckets, and trout nets. Fearing depletion of the species, conservationists succeeded in establishing a closed season to let the grunion to perpetuate itself.

With the beaches blacked out during wartime the grunion weren't bothered by hunters, and marine biologists report a definite increase in the silversides population. And, as above remarked, it is

against the law to use mechanical contrivances.

This has put an end to what one fish warden called "purse seining." He told of a very plump woman who put on a pair of bloomers over her bathing suit and waded into the surf with bloomers in the down, or netting, position. She came ashore with a bloomer load of wriggling grunion.

Such stories as this have made people ask why the highly regional-minded Californians have failed to brag about the marvel of the only fish that lays its eggs on land—and does so nowhere else in the world. ■

Hunters wait impatiently while the first catch is cooked.





COYDOG—

New York State's New Animal

by John Durant

TO city dwellers the word "coydog" may mean a shy little pooch with cute mannerisms and a fluffy look. Not so to the rural, upstate New Yorker. To him the coydog is a new and troublesome animal, a mixture—like its name—of coyote and dog, a wild hybrid which is running loose by the hundreds in the huge Adirondack region.

How the coydog first got into the state is anybody's guess. Perhaps it originated from a pair of pet coyote pups, brought east only to escape and cross with dogs. Or perhaps some young coyotes, palmed off on Eastern hunt clubs as red fox puppies, outwitted the hounds and got loose. Most likely the western plains coyote did a reverse Horace Greeley and drifted east to enter New York State via Ontario over the frozen St.



Lawrence. Certainly he was unknown in the East until his appearance a few years ago in New York State.

I saw three of the animals at the Delmar State Game Farm near Albany. To anyone but a zoölogist, two of them would pass as true coyotes, but the State Game officials were cautious, calling them merely "typical." This allows for a possible dash of dog, but admits the possibility that the animals might be pure-blooded coyotes.

They all had rough, grizzled, tawny and black coats, pointed ears, tails tipped with black. One animal was lean and nervous in his cage. The second was friendly—wagged his tail like a dog, whined eagerly for attention. The third was a definite hybrid. You could tell that by his coyote-like head. His rough whitish coat was covered with tawny patches. He could not be approached, not even by his keeper offering food.

The new breed was first heard of about fifteen years ago when stories began to come down from the north country telling of timber wolves running in packs. These stories were doubted, since the last authentic record of a timber wolf in New York was in 1895. But when three of the animals were killed and sent to the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service for identification, the report came back that one of the "wolves" was a true western plains coyote. The others were hybrids.

Two years ago the State Conservation Department determined to find out about the creature and see if it could be controlled. They soon discovered that the coydog is as smart as a fox and harder to trap. They found no trace of timber wolf, but plenty of "typical coyotes," hybrids, and a few wild dogs that probably had some coyote blood.

The coydog is carnivorous, but will eat almost anything—insects, berries, fruit and melons in season, and small game the year 'round. His droppings contain deer hair, but there is no evidence of his killing deer. He probably dines on an occasional carcass. He is a clever pilferer around farming communities. Some claim he's a sheep killer, but there's no proof.

Perhaps the coydog is not as bad as he is pictured. He's an indulgent parent and, it is believed, mates for life. The litters of puppies, sometimes as many as twelve, stick together for nearly a year which may explain the cry of "Wolf pack!"

Meanwhile, New York State's new animal is waxing fat and has done no real harm. He has even contributed to American letters by giving the language a new word—coydog. ■



photograph by Josef Muench

Hite Ferry—a one-picture story

by Joyce Rockwood Muench

SOUTHEASTERN UTAH is a vast, sparsely-populated area with an abundance of scenic wonders and only one east-west road to connect them. This was built by state agencies only after much persuasion by one Art Chaffin—rancher, miner, and ardent booster of the region—and then only on condition that he provide a ferry across the Colorado River at Hite. He did. It consists of a large raft, powered by the motor of a 1928 Model A Ford which is permanently parked in one corner, and held to its course by an overhead cable firmly anchored on both sides of the river. The ferry is the only river crossing for two hundred miles. Since it was established in 1946, tourist travel in this remote area has increased. More recently, the opening of uranium mines and processing plants nearby has brought still more automotive traffic rolling into Hite, keeping the Model A steadfastly chugging back and forth across the broad brown river. ■

Great Day in Fremont

by Mary R. Zimmer

photographs by J. Gordon Miller

FOR three days every summer, U.S. 77 is blocked at Fremont, Nebraska, by a Ferris wheel and a merry-go-round. If you travel that way on August 8, 9 or 10 this year you will have to detour around them, and around the hot dog stands, the mild-mannered side shows, and the long livestock tents that straddle the other three streets bordering City Park. This, as anyone for eight counties around can tell you, is the annual Fremont 4-H Club Fair.

The Fair will come of age this summer, which is more than most of its exhibitors can boast. Fremont businessmen organized it twenty-one years ago to encourage 4-H youngsters to produce a better calf or pig or cherry pie. Last year over a thousand boys and girls attended.

For its sponsors the Fair begins on Tuesday, with a good deal of hard labor for staunch citizens like Charlie Rump, of Rump's Plumbing and Heating Company, who heads the Chamber of Commerce; Gene and Walt Diers who have the Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealership; and R. D. Hughes, the county agent. They and dozens of others tackle the job of putting up tents, bringing in truckloads of baled straw, adapting fire hydrants into bath stations for the four-footed exhibits, and completing a thousand other details. Then the highly-respectable carnival company sets up shop, for even a 4-H Fair must have its lighter moments.

By nine-thirty Wednesday morning every exhibit is in place, and the three-day round of events begins with song contests and a talent revue. On Thursday, in a colorful ceremony, an outstanding boy and girl are crowned King and Queen of Farmland, having been chosen, characteristically, not merely for their looks, but for their 4-H accomplishments. On Friday there is a mass picnic in the park at noon and a parade in the evening.

There is scarcely an hour of any day when some zealous youngster isn't scrubbing down his long-suffering Holstein or Hereford at the corner hydrant, and the straw-carpeted tents

*Above right: Margaret Finegan scrubs her prize-winning Holstein.
Below right: Durene Drews (left) exhibits two champion Hampshires.*



coveted of all ribbons: "Grand Champion of the Fremont 4-H Club Fair," with a cash prize of \$25. On Saturday club members can auction their calves or swine or sheep and Fremont businessmen bid high to encourage them. But the Grand Champion, and many another purple- or blue-ribbon winner, is saved for the state fair at Lincoln, the Aksarben fair at Omaha, or even the International Livestock Exposition at Chicago.

If you run into that merry-go-round on U. S. 77 this summer you will do well to hunt a parking place among the pickups and farm trucks, for you'll see something to bolster your faith in the nation—a thousand youngsters literally applying the 4-H Club motto: "To make the best better."

And you'll come away remembering a blue-jeaned farm girl scrubbing a heifer five times her own weight, or half a dozen worried boys doing a dos-à-dos with an equal number of squealing Poland China hogs while the judge tries to score them; or perhaps a freckled kid running to his mother, his face radiant, his voice husky with excitement:

"Ma, I won a purple!"

Gerald Langemeier shows how to braid a tail to make it fluffy.



are kept so clean that the youthful exhibitors could lie down beside their animals for a cat-nap, and sometimes do. And every day the judging goes on, in beef cattle, dairy cattle, sheep, swine, home economics, nutrition, rural electrification, stock horses, soil conservation, poultry, rabbits, farm shop, garden, and even rope splicing.

Awards are made on a modified Danish system, on merit rather than in competition: a purple ribbon for superior, blue for excellent, red for good, and white for fair. All but the last carry a cash award, usually less than \$5. But if the prizes are modest, at least there are a lot of them.

In a broader sense, everybody wins anyway. Take a boy like Gerald Thompson. Three years ago he started his pure-bred Duroc herd with two gilts and a boar purchased with \$55 borrowed from his father. He hasn't won any purple ribbons yet, but last summer, at age eleven, he could estimate his net worth conservatively at \$300, not counting a colt of mixed ancestry, but with an unmistakably Palomino tail, for which he traded two of his weanling pigs.

Or take Margaret Finegan, age ten, whose Holstein heifer, "Cynthia," won a purple. Nobody was surprised, for four older Finegan sisters have previously won purples on their Holsteins. Then there's nine-year-old Kenneth Emken. His pure-bred Guernsey calf, "Beauty," won a purple ribbon, and Kenneth tells you coolly that he has two others at home and he "wouldn't sell a one of 'em." He's building a herd.

Because this is beef-feeding country, the most dramatic competitions are those in which club members have fattened calves for market. Sit in on a judging session. You'll find a circle of silent, interested spectators, mostly fathers and mothers, around a dozen solemn-faced boys and girls, each holding a baby beef to attention. Only animals of the same breed and approximate weight are judged together, and all's fair when it comes to prettying them up.

The tails of some were braided wet the night before to make them comb out more fluffy; others' tails were bleached with alum water. Some even wear false tails providently clipped from animals already marketed, and fastened on with Scotch tape. Ears may be clipped or not, as the owner deems more esthetic, and there is no rule against brushing a calf's coat the wrong way to make it look more blocky. But actual judging is on form, finish, and intangibles like "mellowness of cover."

The high point comes when one animal is awarded that most

Come to the Potlatch

story and photographs by Paul O. Anderson

PEOPLE who travel into the southwestern states usually find the life and customs of the Indians pretty much an open book. Tourists in Arizona or New Mexico, for example, can hardly get through either state without seeing and taking pictures of a tribal dance or rite, whether authentic or not.

The situation is not the same in the Northwest. Around Puget Sound the Indians are to be seen, but not so often their lore and culture. Within recent years, however, they have been reviving a colorful old custom—the potlatch—which is practiced only by the Indians who live between Oregon and Alaska.

In its modern form a potlatch is best described as a salmon bake, but there's more to it than just eating. The program of a potlatch includes many of the ancient rites plus a few new ones. The dancing and the racing in war canoes, for example, are centuries old, and the costumes used may have been made two hundred years ago.

Among the innovations is one that the Indians borrowed from the palefaces. They name a princess to reign over the feast. Another modern custom is to use the money—one dollar per visitor

—for charity. And they perform the whole ceremony in front of microphones.

On the day of the bake, young men of the tribe dig a pit three feet wide, two feet deep and twenty feet long. Over it they build a frame so that slices of salmon can bake over the coals of an alder fire.

Before the crowds arrive, the women fillet the salmon, which may be a yard long, and impale it on the sticks. They boil potatoes by the hundreds in their jackets and slice enormous numbers of tomatoes. When the salmon has turned a rosy pink color, the feasting begins.

The program is heralded by a war drum, the chief beating out the ancient rhythm. It is customary to open a potlatch with a war dance to give dignity and discipline to the ceremony. Later there are milder dances, in which tribesmen recount the legends of the wolf, the eagle and the snake as they appear in tribal lore.

One aspect of the potlatch in its ancient form is not practiced any more. This involves the meaning of the word potlatch, which is "to give." A potlatch used to be principally a giving contest. A wealthy member of a tribe would distribute all his property as a



Upper left—Baking salmon over alder fire; upper right—Thunderbird McConnell does the drum dance; lower left—women prepare the food; lower right—Chief Rainbow and friends beat the drums.

means of proving his wealth and gaining great distinction among the tribesmen. It is a custom that modern-day braves and white men have difficulty in understanding.

Tourists will have their best chance of attending a potlatch if

they reach the Northwest late in the summer. The Lummi Indians of Bellingham, Washington, those on Neah Bay, in Washington near the Pacific, and those on the Yakima reservation in the Cascades, have potlatches. ■



←Goose barnacles and mussels

Tide Pool Wonderland

by John R. Twohy

photographs by Mattson-Twohy

WHEN the tide is low on central California beaches and the sun's rays slant into the still tide pools an enchanting world is revealed. Tiny vines and leaves of rich reds, greens, and purples wave lazily among moss-covered rocks and mysterious little animals creep and slither from one deep cavern to another.

It's becoming an increasingly popular family sport to probe and poke among these pools in search of their shy inhabitants.

Equipment for the hunt is simple; old clothes, tennis shoes,

a few jars for collecting, and a large dose of curiosity are all the paraphernalia required. When to go is answered by the tide-tables published in the daily newspaper, the lower the tide the more varied will be the specimens exposed. Experience will show which are the best tides for visiting one of these outdoor aquariums.

The public library can supply excellent books, some of them written just for the amateur, to help identify these strange creatures. Better bring the book right to the beach as many of the specimens won't survive for long out of their natural habitat and must be studied "on location."

Be leisurely, move slowly when studying a pool. Poke about in the clumps of sea weed and overturn likely-looking rocks. The tide pool zealot, unlike the fisherman or hunter, is pretty sure to realize value for the hours spent and, no matter how experienced he may be at the business, he'll always get



←Anemone

Brittlestar→

a thrill when some unfamiliar denizen of the two-foot depths is captured.

The novice on his first expedition might look for some of these more obvious but intriguing tide pool inhabitants:

(1) *Goose barnacles*—colonies of barnacles mass on rocks, wharfs and the hulls of boats. The head of the creature cements itself to the rock and is enclosed by the neck-like tube.

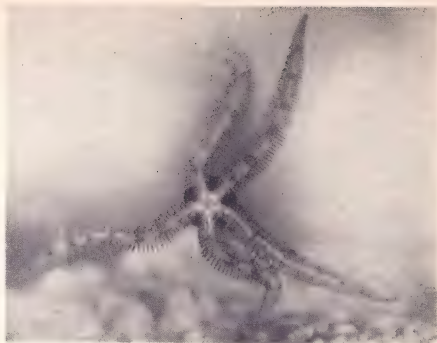
(2) *Mussels*—these bivalves are apparently on friendly terms with goose barnacles, as their colonies often intermingle. They have brown or black shells and connect themselves to the rock by a system of tough threads manufactured by a gland located in their single foot.

(3) *Starfish*—this creature is a bottom-dweller and creeps over mud and rocks by means of tiny tubelike feet which grow in great numbers on the underside of its flexible rays.

(4) *Anemone*—these vari-colored "sea flowers" are beautiful but deadly to smaller animals which first stick to their tentacles on contact and then are forced into the creature's mouth, located in the center of the flower.

(5) *Brittlestar*—unlike the starfish which it resembles, the brittlestar is very active and thrashes its five rays in order to move around. It is named for its habit of break-

Starfish and admirers→



ing off a portion or an entire arm, if treated roughly. Fortunately it grows another to replace it.

Next time the tide ebbs low, whether in California, Florida, or Maine, amble down to the rocky pools along the shore and spend some pleasant hours getting acquainted with some of these intriguing tide pool dwellers. ■





The Great North Road

by Richard L. Neuberger

paintings by Fred Machetanz

PAST the doorway of the old trading post stretches a road. A construction engineer would compare it with one of the better secondary roads in "the States." Gravel covers its twenty-six-foot surface. But this is no ordinary road and the U. S. A. is far away. This is the Great North Road, the first land route in history to Alaska.

Until a corridor was hacked through the Canadian solitudes during World War II, Alaska to all intent and purposes was an island. It could be reached only by air or ocean. Now a motorist from Los Angeles or Kankakee can follow his radiator cap to Fairbanks.

Who does it? Who attempts this epic trek on rubber tires?

Milepost 973 is as good a place as any to review the travelers on the road that pioneering American Army regiments called the "Alcan," but which since has been changed in name to the more sedate "Alaska Highway."

It is an easy 55 miles southeastward to Whitehorse on the banks of the Yukon, the one town along the road. It is 248 miles to the Alaska-Canada international boundary and another 303 miles on to Fairbanks. Milepost 973 is niched into the foothills of the stupendous St. Elias Range. The tourist who gets this far is adventurous. He has braved expanses of granite and spruce, where the distance to the nearest gas pump is measured by horizons rather than miles.

The first customer for the day is symbolic of a numerous breed. Dave Crenshaw, twenty-eight, from Pittsburgh, buys cigarettes and cookies and asks for five Imperial gallons. His blonde wife and three-year-old son share the dusty front seat. Dave is a barber. He hopes to cut hair in Alaska's biggest city, Anchorage, where he was stationed as a GI. "It's a wonderful country," says Dave. "A fellow surely ought to be able to make a living there."

*Left above: In spring, poppies bloom along the Alaska Highway.
Left below: Grain elevators at Dawson Creek, British Columbia.*



← *Roadside reflections like these may be seen in many places.*

The twisting road has nurtured many Dave Crenshaws since travel restrictions were lifted by the Mounties three years ago. In 1950 a total of 22,507 people entered Alaska by car and 16,623 departed behind the same steering wheels.

This resulted in a net gain to Alaska of 5,884 souls. It also made 1950 the first year that more persons journeyed to Alaska by land than over the traditional steamer route at sea.

In fact, Governor Ernest Gruening has announced that "the substantial number of newcomers arriving in the Territory over the Alaska Highway greatly reinforces our quest of full membership in the Union as the forty-ninth state."

During the bright hours of summer daylight there is no danger of being deserted on this road which penetrates the rugged roof of the continent. At forty-five noisy miles an hour, a reefer truck and trailer highballs along with welcome oranges, lettuce and fresh meat for the Air Corps troops stationed at strategic Ladd Field. The driver waves casually. He is comfortably full of chicken fricassee from Ma Homer's Chilkoot Inn, at tidewater on the Haines spur road. Ma holds a chef's license in New York state.

Three young women bounce out of a sedan. Hot coffee and pound cake make them loquacious. One is a ballet dancer, another a teacher, the third a stenographer. They've heard Alaska has two or three white men for every woman. A pretty girl may get a couple of proposals every week.

The girls drive off blithely. A lean man from the Canadian government's Pine Creek experimental farm watches them go. He sucks a wisp of grass in his teeth. "They're good lookers," the man ventures. "They'll stay in Alaska. Bet we don't see them here on the way back."

The sun rises higher in the sky. Insects drone in carpets of wildflowers. A creek murmurs persistently. And the traffic never stops. A streamlined bus of the British-Yukon Navigation Company brings a load of forty sightseers from Whitehorse. They voyaged to historic Skagway on the steamer *Prince George* and then entered the fastnesses of the interior abroad the narrow-gauge White Pass & Yukon Railway.

The bus is followed by a Ford Tudor. Constable Brown, R. C. M. P., alights to ask if all is well. In the movies he'd be wearing a red tunic and be astride a roan stallion. In real

← *This is northern twilight at the native village of Champagne.*



←*The Dezadeash Mountains rise near Haines Cutoff, Mile 1000.*

life, this Mountie wears a jacket of chocolate brown and jogs back of eight lusty cylinders.

The next arrival is straight out of the Believe-It-or-Not category—a taxi! The driver is a svelte college girl with a passenger for the stern-wheeler *Aksala* at Whitehorse. She and her Amherst-educated husband operate a cab service in the hamlet of Haines, 180 miles away on the Inside Passage.

All sorts of “firsts” arrive at Milepost 973. It is the great American urge. When the highway originally was opened to unlimited civilian travel, motorcycles whizzed past in a literal cavalcade. Dozens seemed to want to be the first into Fairbanks. The mania continues. A car roars in from the North. A brawny man gets out. He plans to negotiate the road by dog sled, come winter. Right now he’s assaying the scene of his feat from behind a dashboard.

Mrs. Dorothy McIntosh lives just up the road a piece—forty-nine miles, to be precise. She is a frontiersman’s widow. White-haired Mrs. McIntosh never flickers a blue eye when wayfarers tell her patronizingly about the wondrous world beyond her cabin on Bear Creek. Dorothy McIntosh would not think of embarrassing these superior visitors by displaying her B. S. and M. A. degrees from Columbia University.

Yet Milepost 973 is only a few hours by automobile from Snag, and at Snag a few years ago was recorded the lowest temperature in North American history: 81 degrees below zero. Whiskey froze in the bottle. Anti-freeze stiffened in the can.

A sleek sedan stops with a grinding of brakes. A trio of twenty-one-year-olds from Chicago has wheedled the new car of the father of one of them. The back seat is crammed with shovels, pans and lengths of hose. It has been half a century since the Klondike, but these young men hope to prospect for “colors.”

To a limited degree, it is like having a grandstand seat at one of the Oregon Trail sagas. These are the Mountain Men, and women, of 1951. Some plan to stay and build homes. Others are in search of gold dust. A few seek husbands. A farmer’s son from Iowa had two porkers in his trailer. He had heard the Tanana Valley might be adaptable to livestock.

Were motives so different when the wagon trains jolted westward across the continent a hundred years ago? ■

←*Kluane Lake, near Mile 1060, is a beautiful sight toward sunset.*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Latham's on Cape Cod, Massachusetts

Celery au Gratin with Almonds

2 cups celery, parboiled and cut
¼ cup blanched almonds
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup chicken stock
¼ cup light cream
Salt and pepper, to taste
American cheese, grated
Bread crumbs, buttered

Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour, chicken stock, cream, salt and pepper. Add celery and chopped almonds. Bake in a buttered casserole, topped with cheese and crumbs, until brown.

The beautiful old nineteenth century home once owned by Elisha Bangs, a sea captain, is now a first-class restaurant and inn operated by Leonard and Dorothy Latham. Lunch and dinner served daily except Monday; reservations necessary. Closed October 12 to May 25. On U. S. 6 in Brewster.

←painting of Latham's on Cape Cod by Alois Fabry, Jr.

←painting of Sportsman's Tavern by Sampson Bowers

Sportsman's Tavern, New York

Steak Tartar (one serving)

½ pound ground tenderloin of beef
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon chopped raw onion
¼ teaspoon capers
2 anchovies
½ teaspoon English mustard
1 tablespoon of olive oil
1 tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon A-1 Sauce
Dash of hot sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix ingredients together thoroughly. Form into a patty and place on plate. Garnish with a teaspoon of chopped onions and chopped hard boiled egg. (If your cave man instincts have been dulled try cooking it.)

Harry Kaye, once with the Stork Club, and Sampson Bowers, a native of Cooperstown, combined their talents to create this distinctive restaurant in a century-old farmhouse. Here excellent food is served in a restful atmosphere. Open from noon to 1:00 a.m. daily. It's on State Highway 28, three miles from Cooperstown.



Holiday House, Michigan

Viennese Apple Strudel

10 apples, peeled
2 cups bread crumbs
 $\frac{5}{8}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
2 ounces chopped nuts (walnuts or almonds)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
Basic strudel dough

Slice apples very thin; fry crumbs golden brown in butter, add sugar. Spread on basic strudel dough, first, apples, then crumbs, raisins, cinnamon and nuts. Sprinkle with a little extra sugar and melted butter. Roll the strudel and place on an oiled baking

sheet. Dot with butter and bake in moderate oven until golden brown—45-60 minutes.

Patterned after a Colonial country inn, this attractive spot is set amidst extensive orchards. Meals served from noon to 8:00 p.m., except Monday. Overnight accommodations. Smorgasbord every Thursday. On U.S. 12 three miles south of St. Joseph, it is open from April 15 to November 1.

←painting of Holiday House by Charles W. Moss

←painting of Shore Lodge by Jack Flynn

Shore Lodge, Idaho

Fried Corn Meal Mush

4 cups boiling water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups corn meal
1 cup chopped ham or bacon
Parsley, to taste
1 egg
Cracker crumbs and flour

Add salt and corn meal to boiling water and cook well. Then add ham and parsley. Pour into a well greased loaf pan and cool. Cut into slices a half inch thick and roll in mixture of egg, cracker crumbs and flour. Fry to a golden

brown. Strip with bacon slices and top with molasses or maple syrup. Makes six servings.

On Payette Lakes in the mountain town of McCall, this friendly resort is 108 miles north of Boise. One unique feature of the modern lodge is that each room has a lake view. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Summer season from May first to October first.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Have you ever tried to identify people by their eyes? This quiz goes a step further than that parlor game by giving you only one eye of four familiar friends (not human) for you to identify. Answers on page 63.

photos by Allen Downs

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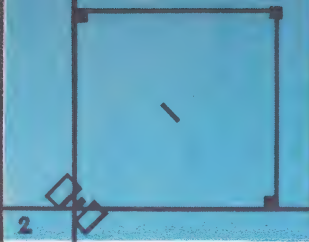
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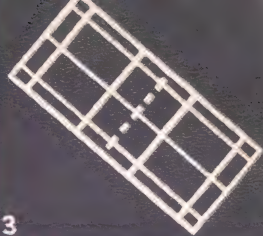




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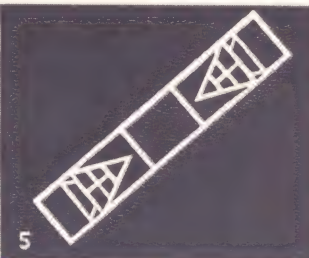
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Game of Games

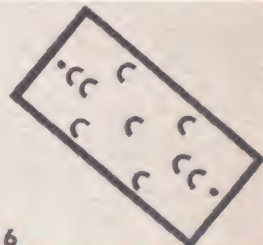
Here's a chance for the arm chair athlete to beat the active sportsman at his own game. Just identify the sports and games suggested by these diagrams. All twelve correct is excellent; nine to eleven very good; seven or eight good; six or under—never did care much for sports, did you? Answers on page 63.



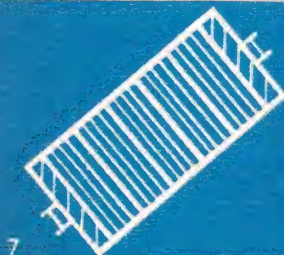
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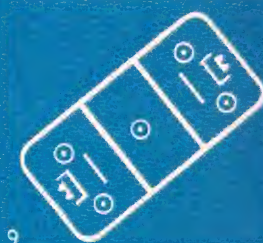
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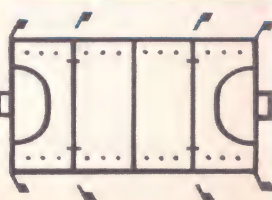
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11



12

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Owl 2. Rabbit 3. Horse 4. Cat

Game of Games

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Hopscotch (American) | 7. Football |
| 2. Baseball | 8. Lacrosse |
| 3. Badminton | 9. Ice Hockey |
| 4. Soccer | 10. Tennis (or Lawn Tennis) |
| 5. Shuffleboard | 11. Basketball |
| 6. Croquet | 12. Field Hockey |
-



"Ahhh-h-h! Country air after a rain! Boy, if we could only bottle it, eh, George?"

Contributors



When he was a kid in Cleveland, Ohio, RUDOLPH BUNDAS (illustrator of the *Seaside, Oregon*, story, page 2), did a drawing about a visit his grade school class made to the Cleveland Art Museum. As a result, he won a prize—a genuine Indian arrowhead—and was an artist from then on. He impressed local newspapers with his drawings while in high school and then went to the Cleveland Art Institute, winning a traveling scholarship that enabled him to tour the U. S. and Europe. After getting his B. S. from Western Reserve, he went into advertising art until the Army took him and sent him to the Pacific Northwest. There he formed a love of the rugged landscape, and after the war stayed in the region of Puget Sound. He is a partner in a commercial art firm and relaxes by driving out to the sea and the mountains to paint. The picture is a self-portrait.



Another of our artists who submitted a self-portrait is ARNOLD MESCHES of Los Angeles, illustrator of the story on *Bingham Canyon*, page 31. He studied at the Chouinard Institute of Art and the Jepson Art Institute in Los Angeles and has been a teacher of private classes in life drawing, painting, and composition in that city and in Salt Lake City. He has also been on the faculty of the University of Southern California, has had one-man shows in many galleries in the West, has done extensive freelance work in advertising design and illustration, and was an illustrator at the RKO studios.



MARY RICHARDS ZIMMER, who wrote "History Was Never Like This" (page 27) under her maiden name, and "Great Day in Fremont" (page 42) under her married name, has been an associate editor of the *FORD TIMES* for the past two years. She is a graduate of Northwestern University, and was formerly one of the few women staff writers employed by that man's magazine of a man's world, *Business Week*.

When the *Fremont 4-H Club Fair* story loomed on our editorial horizon last summer, Mary was the only logical choice for the assignment. As a high school girl in her home town of Pinconning, Michigan (population 800), she was a five-year member in a 4-H sewing club, a two-year 4-H-er in canning, and once (in a year of little competition) a 4-H canning champion of Bay County.

FRANCES LAKE MCKENNA, who wrote and illustrated the story on *Lancaster, Ohio* (page 19), has been a writer for twelve years and a painter for two. The writing career has been eminently successful in the pulps, the subject being mainly romance. (Her sale to the *FORD TIMES* excited her because it's the first time she has been published on coated stock.) The painting career began when a friend gave her a box of pastels and an easel. She has had two one-man shows in the Hermosa Library Museum in Manhattan Beach, California, where she now lives, but her first art sales were the pictures that accompany the *Lancaster* story. Since then she has sold six portraits. Among her subjects have been Albert Einstein, Clark Gable, and a famed Sicilian bandit, Salvatore Guillianio. These won her some newspaper headlines. "I'd like to have known about my painting talent earlier," she says, "but then I remember Grandma Moses and realize I still have considerable time to make my mark."



photograph by Lou Jacobs, Jr.

The romance and wealth of California is usually associated with gold, but oil is actually of far greater financial importance. In a century, the state has produced two and a half billion dollars' worth of gold, and in less time than that more than ten billion dollars in oil. Thus the historical significance of the picture above, which shows a restoration of California's first oil refinery. It was built in 1875 to turn out kerosene by processing a hundred barrels of petroleum a day. Today one of the state's many refineries alone handles 125,000 barrels daily. This structure was restored in 1930. It is at Newhall, just off U.S. 6, north of San Fernando in Los Angeles County. ■

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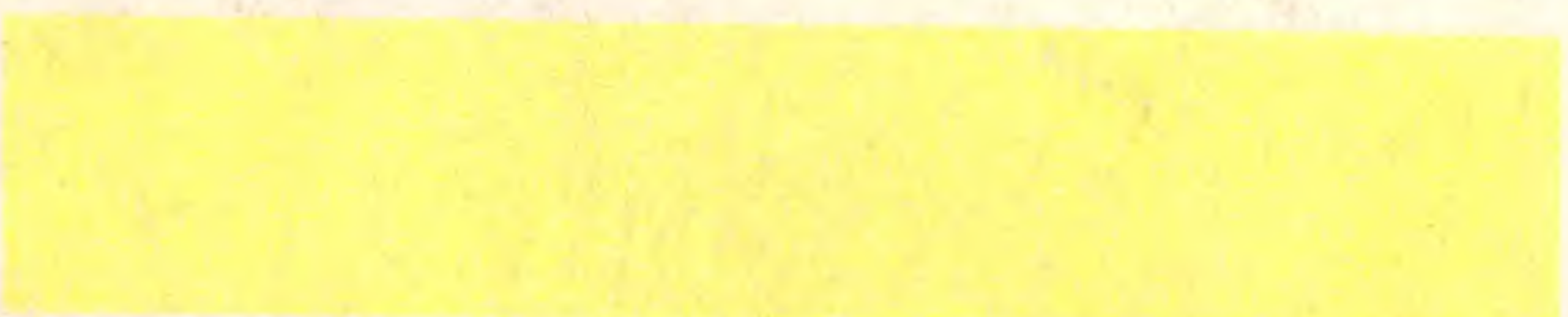
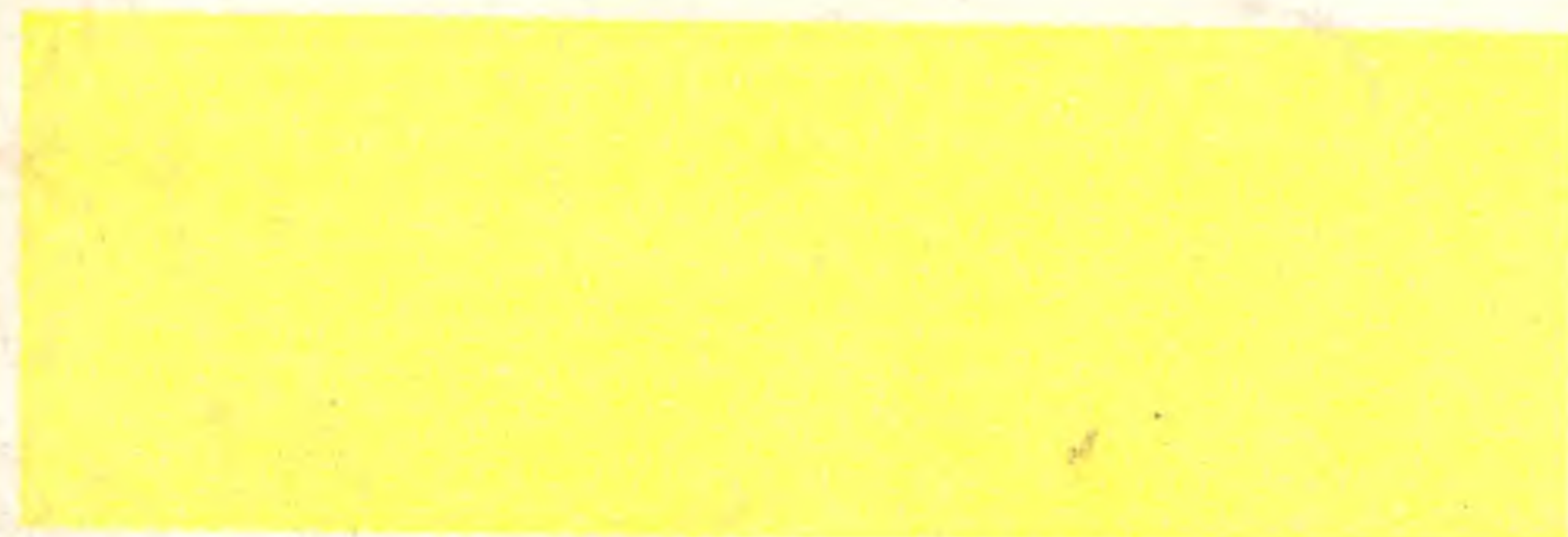
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Front cover—John Davenport, Detroit artist, painted the tourist shops in Arizona's Painted Desert, a favorite stop-off for travelers on one of our favorite East-West highways—U.S. 66.

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